

THE
INSTITUTION
OF THE
ORDER
OF THE
GARTER.

A
Dramatick POEM.

*Lectos ex omnibus Oris
Probris, & meritum, non quæ cunabula quæris,
Et qualis, non unde satus: sub teste benigno
Proditur, egregios inuitant præmia mores.*

CLAUD.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall.

MDCCXLII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

INSTITUTION

ORDER

OF THE

GARTER

A

Dramatick Poem.

By the Author of the
"Dramatick Poem," &c.
LONDON:
Printed by J. DODD, in Pall Mall.

1791. SOLD OUT.



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[Price One Shilling and Six Pence]

Dramatis Personæ.

EDWARD the Third, King of *England*, &c.

PHILIPPA, Queen of *England*, &c.

EDWARD, Prince of *Wales*.

JOHN, * King of *France*, &c.

SPIRITS. { Genius of *England*.
 { Bards,
 { Druids.

Heralds, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E,

Windfor Park with a Prospect of the Castle.

* The Order of the GARTER was instituted on St. George's Day the 23d of April 1350. King John came into England in 1357. I have taken the Advantage of the Licence usually allowed to Poets, of departing a little from Chronology; and have postponed for a few Years the Institution of this Order, for the sake of rendering that Solemnity more August, by introducing King John of France; who, tho' a Prisoner, was treated both by Edward and his Son the Prince of Wales with all the Regard due to the Quality and Virtue of so great a Prince. To alleviate his Captivity, Ed-

ward entertained him and the other French Prisoners with Diversions of various kinds: among which a Tournament he held at Windfor on the 23d of April, to Solemnize the Feast of Saint George, the Patron of the Order of the GARTER, held the chief Place; and was, as Rapin tell us, the most Sumptuous and Magnificent that had ever been seen in England. The Duke of Brabant, with several other Sovereign Princes, and an infinite Number of Knights of all Nations were present, and splendidly entertained.

A 2

THE

Drum's Test

Edward the Third King of England &c.

PHILIPPA, Queen of England, &c.

Edward, Prince of Wales.

John W. Fink, Esq.

Officers of Board.

SPRINTS

317

Florida Agricultural Experiment Station

SECRET

Attest: This 1st day of July 1911.

THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 1, 1900.

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst., and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. B.

THE
INSTITUTION
OF THE
ORDER of the GARTER.

SCENE, WINDSOR Park.

*Flourish of aërial Musick at a distance; after which
the following Verses are sung in the Air by SPIRITS,
while the GENIUS of England descends.*

First SPIRIT.



HITHER, all ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
From your Empyrean Bow'rs;
From the Fields for ever gay,
From the Star-pav'd Milky Way,
From the Moon's relucant Horn,
From the Star that wakes the Morn;
From the Bow, whose mingling Dyes
Sweetly chear the frowning Skies;
From the Silver Cloud, that sails
Shadowy o'er the darken'd Vales;
From th' Elysiums of the Sky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

CHORUS

CHORUS of SPIRITS.

Fly, and thro' the limpid Air
Guard in Pomp the sliding Car,
Which to his Terrestrial Throne
Wafts *Britannia's* Genius down.

Second SPIRIT.

Hither, all ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
From your Empyreal Bow'rs!
Chiefly ye, whose Brows divine
Crown'd with starry Circlets shine;
Who in various Labours try'd,
Once *Britannia's* Strength and Pride,
Now in everlasting Rest
Share the Glories of the Blest!
Peers and Nobles of the Sky,
Spirits, immortal, hither fly!

CHORUS of SPIRITS.

Fly, and thro' the limpid Air
Guard in Pomp the sliding Car,
Which to his Terrestrial Throne
Wafts *Britannia's* Genius down.

Third

Third SPIRIT.

Hither too, ye tuneful Throng,
Masters of enchanting Song,
Sacred Bards ! whose rapt'rous Strains,
Sooth the toiling Heroe's Pains,
Sooth the Patriot's generous Cares ;
Sweetly thro' their ravish'd Ears,
Whisp'ring to th'immortal Mind,
Heav'nly Visions, Hopes refin'd ;
Hopes of endless Peace and Fame,
Safe from Envy's blasting Flame,
Pure, sincere in those Abodes,
Where to Throngs of list'ning Gods,
Hymning Bards, to Virtue's Praise,
Tune their never-dying Lays.
Sweet Encomiasts of the Sky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly !

CHORUS of SPIRITS.

Fly, and charm the limpid Air,
While the softly-sliding Car,
To his Sea-encircled Throne,
Waits *Britannia's* Genius down.

Chorus

(20)
Chorus of BARDS descends, drest in long flowing Sky-colour'd Robes spangled with Stars, with Garlands of oaken Boughs upon their Heads, and golden Harps in their Hands, made like the Welch or old British Harp. Before they appear, they sing the Chorus, and afterwards, as they descend, the following Songs; at the last Stanza of which, the Chariot of the GENIUS appears, and descends gradually all the while that and the grand Chorus is singing.

CHORUS of BARDS.

Gentle Spirit, we obey;
Thus along th'Ætherial Way,
We attend our Monarch's Car;
Thus we charm the silent Air.

S O N G.

First BARD.

Ye Southern Gales, that ever fly
In frolick April's vernal Train,
Who, as ye skim along the Sky,
Dip your light Pinions in the Main,
Then shake them fraught with genial Show'rs,
O'er blooming Flora's Primrose-Bow'rs:

Now

Now cease a while your wanton Sport,

Now drive each threat'ning Cloud away ;

Then to the flowry Vale resort,

And hither all its Sweets convey ;

And ever as ye dance along,

With softest Murmurs aid our Song.

SONG II.

Second BARD.

But lo ! fair *Windsor's* Tow'rs appear,

And Hills with spreading Oaks imbrown'd !

Hark ! hark ! the Voice of Joy I hear,

Sung by a Thousand Echoes round ;

And now I view a glittering Train,

In Triumph march o'er yonder Plain.

Grand CHORUS of SPIRITS and BARDS.

Hail mighty Nation ! ever fam'd in War !

Lo ! Heav'n descends thy Festivals to shate ;

To view those Heroes, whose immortal Praise,

Celestial Bards shall sing in living Lays.

B

A

At the Conclusion of this Chorus, the GENIUS alights from his Chariot, the Front of which resembling the Head of a Man of War, is adorned with a carved Lyon, holding before his Breast the Arms of England, as they were borne by Edward. Behind, on a rais'd Seat sits the GENIUS, leaning upon an Anchor of Silver, and bearing in his Right-hand the Vindicta, or Wand of Enfranchisement, and in his Left a Roll of Parchment, upon which is wrote, in large Letters of Gold, MAGNA CHARTA. On his Head is a Corona Rostrata, or Naval Crown; and his Robe, of a Sea-green Colour, is embroider'd with Cornucopiæ's and Gold Tridents.

GENIUS.

Disdain not, ye blest Denizens of Air,
To breathe this grosser Atmosphere awhile,
Your Service I shall need; meantime resort
To yon Imperial Palace, and in Air
Draw up your Squadrons in a radiant Orb,
Suspended o'er those lofty Battlements,
Like the bright Halo, that invests the Moon,
Or Saturn's lucid Ring: Thence shed benign
Your choicest Influence on the noble Train,
'There on this solemn Day assembled round
The Throne of British Edward: I awhile
Must here await th' Approach of other Spirits,
Sage Druids, Britain's old Philosophers;

Fetch'd

Fetch'd by my Summons from the Western Isles,
That, scatter'd o'er the rough *Hibernian* Flood,
Seem like huge Fragments by the wild Wave torn
From stormy *Scotland*, and the *Cambrian* Shore.
There, from the World retir'd, in sacred Shades,
Chiefly where *Breint* and *Meinai* wash'd the Oaks
Of ancient *Mona*, their Academies
And Schools of sage and moral Discipline
They held; and to the neighb'ring *Britons* round,
From their rever'd Tribunals, holy Mounts,
Dispens'd at once their Oracles and Laws.
'Till fierce *Paulinus*, and his *Roman* Bands,
Them and their Gods defying, drove them thence
To seek for Shelter in *Hibernian* Shades.
Yet still enamour'd of their ancient Haunts,
Unseen of mortal Eyes, they hover round
Their ruin'd Altars, consecrated Hills
Once girt with spreading Oaks, mysterious Rows
Of rude enormous Obelisks, that rise
Orb within Orb, stupendous Monuments
Of artless Architecture, such as now
Oft times amaze the wand'ring Traveller,
By the pale Moon discern'd on *Sarum's* Plain.
But hence, Aërial Spirits: lo, they come!

Here the SPIRITS and BARDS, together with the Chariot
of the GENIUS reascend, and at the same time the
DRUIDS enter, cloath'd in dark-colour'd coarse stuff
Gowns, which before hang no lower than the Knee,
but behind almost touch the Ground. The Sleeves of
these Gowns reach down below the Elbow, and from
behind comes up a sort of Hood or Cowle, which hangs
loose about the Head and Forehead. From the left
Shoulder hangs in a String a kind of Pouch or
Scrip, and rests on the right Hip. In their Right-
hands they hold a Staff, and in their Left an Oaken
Branch. Their Beards are very large and long,
reaching below their Waists. Their Legs are naked,
and their Feet shod with Sandals, which are fast-
ened by Thongs wound about the Foot and the Small
of the Leg. *

Enter DRUIDS.

Chief DRUID. I inform you now

Inform us, happy Spirit, protecting Pow'r
Of this our ancient Country, wherefore now
From our sequester'd Vallies, penfive Groves
And dark Recesses, thou hast summon'd us
To wait thy Orders on this flow'ry Hill?

GENIUS. I since know

A great Event, sage *Druids*, that no less
Imports than this your ancient Country's Fame,
From

* See a Cut of the Chief DRUID, in Rowland's *Mona Antiqua restaurata*, taken
from a Statue. Page 65.

From Contemplation, and your silent Shades,
Calls you to meet me on this flow'ry Hill.

Know, in yon Castle, whose proud Battlements
Sit like a Regal Crown upon the Brow
Of this high-climbing Lawn, doth *Edward* hold
This Day his solemn Session, to receive
The Pleas of all th'aspiring Candidates,
Who, summon'd by the * Herald's publick Voice,
To *Windfor*, as to *Fame's* bright Temple, haste
From every Shore; the Noble, Wife, and Brave,
Knights, Senators and Statesmen, Lords and Kings:
Ambitious each to gain the splendid Prize,
By *Edward* promis'd to transcendent Worth.
For who of Mortals is too Great and High
In the Career of Virtue to contend?
Of these, selecting the most glorious Names,
Doth *England's* Monarch purpose to compose
A Princely Brotherhood, Himself the Chief,
And worthy Sovereign of th'illustrious Band;
A Band of Heroes, lifted in the Cause:
Of Honour, Virtue, and Celestial Truth,
Under the Name and holy Patronage
Of CAPPADOCIAN GEORGE, *Britannia's* Saint.

* *Edward* having communicated his Intention of Instituting the ORDER of the GARTER to the great Council of his Realm, and having receiv'd their Approbation, Dispatch'd his *Heralds* to several Parts of *Europe*, to invite all that were eminent for Military Virtue, &c. to be present at its Institution. And his Queen *Philippa*, on her Part, assembled a Train of 300 of the fairest Ladies to grace the Solemnity, and add to its Magnificence.

Such is the Plan by gen'rous *Edward* form'd;
A Plan of Glory, that beyond the Reach
Of his own conqu'ring Arms, shall propagate
The Sovereignty of *Britain*, and erect
Her Monarchs into Judges of Mankind.

But from this Day's Decisions, from the Choice
Of his first Colleagues, shall succeeding Times
Of *Edward* judge, and on his Fame pronounce.
For Dignities and Titles, when misplac'd
Upon the Vicious, the Corrupt and Vile,
Like Princely Virgins to low Peasants match'd,
Descend from their Nobility, and soil'd
By base Alliance, not their Pride alone
And native Splendor lose, but Shame retort
Ev'n on the Sacred Throne, from whence they sprung.
So may the Lustre of this Order bright,
This Eldest Child of Chivalry be stain'd,
If at her first Espousals, her great Sire,
Caught by the specious Outfides, that deceive
And captivate the World, admit the Suit
Of vain Pretenders, void of real Worth;
Light empty Bubbles, by the wanton Gale
Of Fortune swell'd, and only form'd to dance
And glitter in the Sun-shine of a Court.

Begin

Begin we then with *Edward*; first let him
At his own high Tribunal undergo
The rigid Inquisition --- I for this
Have left my lucid Star-encircled Throne:
For This, immortal Sages, have requir'd
Your wise and prudent Ministry, well skill'd
In various Science, and the Human Heart.
Search *Edward's* to the Bottom: sound the Depths
And Shallows of his Soul; if he possess
That first of Regal Talents, to discern,
With quick-ey'd Penetration, thro' the Veil
Of Art, each Character's intrinsic Worth,
And all the Lab'rins of the Human Mind.
Nor blush for this good End yourselves to wear
Fallacious Forms, to plead the Cause of false
But specious Merit; at his Throne appear
In borrow'd Shapes, and there with artful Guile,
When the shrill Trumpet cites the Candidates,
Urge your Pretensions: all the Pow'r employ
Of Wit and Eloquence: *Edward*, I trust,
The Trial shall abide; which shall but tend
To manifest, that not from Arrogance,
But conscious Virtue, hath he thus assum'd
Above all other Kings, to be the Judge
And great Rewarder of Heroick Deeds.

Nor

Nor wholly unassisted will I leave
My Royal Charge, but with blest Influence clear
His Intellectual Eye from the dim Mists
It haply hath contracted from a long
Unebbing Current of Felicity,
Unhop'd, unequall'd Triumphs, from the View
Of Captive Monarchs, and the glitt'ring Throng,
Who at his Summons from all Climates come,
To take, as from their Sovereign, Honours new.
When Heav'n tries Mortals in unusual Ways,
'Tis fit it shou'd afford unusual Aid.

Now, Sages, to yon spreading Oaks retire,
There wait my Summons; and mean time advise
How best to execute the Task enjoin'd.

Exe. Gen. and Druids.

*The SCENE Changes to a large Room in the Castle
(St. George's Hall) at the upper End of which is a
Royal Canopy with the Figure of St. George and the
Motto of the Garter, HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE,
beneath it embroider'd in Gold. Under this Canopy
appears seated on an Elevation of two or three Steps
King Edward in the Habit of the Order of the Gar-
ter, with a Scepter in his Right-hand and a Globe
in his left. On his Left-hand is seated Queen Phi-
lipa with a Crown upon her Head, and dress'd in
a Royal Mantle of Crimson Velvet, powder'd with
embroider'd*

embroider'd Garters, and an enamel'd *Garter bound like a Braculet upon her left Arm. By her stand a great Number of Ladies very richly dress'd. On Edward's Right-hand is seated King John, in the Imperial Robes of France; and on the same side, but a Step lower, sits Edward the Black Prince, in the Robes belonging to the Prince of Wales. Next to Queen Philippa are seated the rest of Edward's Children; and next to the Black Prince, on the other side, stand the French Prisoners, and a great Number of Lords, &c. richly dress'd.

On the Floor at some distance stands Garter King at Arms in the Habit of his Office, holding in his Hand a Garter, with the Grand Collar of the Order. Near him stand other Heralds, Ushers, Attendants, &c.

Flourish of Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, &c. After which Edward rising up from his Throne, addresses himself to the Assembly.

EDWARD.

That hither from your distant Residence,
By solemn Invitation, noble Guests,
I have entreated your illustrious Train,
Misconstrue not to Levity and Pride,
Or ostentatious vain Magnificence,
Unworthy the grave Majesty of Kings,
Unworthy your Attention, my Renown,
This bright Assemblage of the Wise, the Brave,

C

The

* That the Ladies of the Knights of the Garter wore this Ensign of the Order upon their left Arms, may be seen in *Asmole's History of the Garter*.

(10)
The Noble, the Magnificent, the Fair,
The Ornaments of *Europe*, have I fought
To grace the Pomp of Virtue, to adorn
With noblest Offerings her unspotted Shrine,
Attracting thus to her divine Commands
The awful Veneration of Mankind.

This was the Cause, great Princes, this the Call,
The Voice of Virtue, not of *England's* King,
That with respectful Zeal ye heard and follow'd :
From *Burgundy's* rich Vineyards, from the Meads
Of *Hainault* and *Brabant*, the rocky Wave
Of *Danube*, from *Germania's* warlike Tow'rs,
Imperial Mother of an Hundred States ;
From *Spain*, long exercis'd by *Moorish* Arms,
From *Italy's* fair Princedoms, and the Walls
Of Sea-wash'd *Venice*, *Adria's* haughty Spouse.
With me then, all ye Virtuous, by what Stile
Recorded in the Registers of Fame,
Knights, Senators, or Soldiers, Ermin'd Lords,
Or Sceptred Princes ; from whatever Clime
Ye come, ennobled by Heroick Acts,
With me unite the Splendor of your Names
To dignify th'Erection of a New
And Noble ORDER, which to Heav'n's high Praise,
And to Heav'n's Champion, CAPPADOCIAN GEORGE,

On this his holy Festival I mean
 To found, a Recompence for worthiest Deeds;
 Thus as the Orient Sun, ador'd of old
 By prostrate *Perſia*, ow'd his Deity
 Leſs to that genial and benignant Heat
 That cheriſhes and warms the Seeds of Life,
 Than to thoſe gorgeous Beams, that deck with Gold
 And Crimſon the gay Portals of the Morn;
 So ſhall this riſing Order owe its Fame
 And brighteſt Luſtre to the ſplendid Train
 Of Lords and Purple Princes, who are met
 This Day to uſher and adorn its Birth,

Nor deem that to allure Heroick Minds,
 My Private Interests partially to ſerve,
 To liſt the Valiant in Ambition's Cauſe,
 And form a League of Conqueſt, I have laid
 In ſubtle Policy this great Deſign:

* ASHAM'D BE HE, WHO WITH MALIGNANT EYE
 SO READS MY PURPOSE: And be He accuſt
 Whoe'er in After-times ſhall ſo pervert

C 2

This

* *Edward* being engag'd in a War with *France*, for the Obtaining that Crown, in order to draw into *England* great Multitudes of Foreigners, with whom he might negotiate either for their perſonal Service, or Aids of Troops to aſſiſt him in that Undertaking, ordered, during the Truce that then ſubſiſted between the two Crowns,

Publication to be made of a great Tournament to be held at *Winſor*; an Expedient ſays *Rapin*, which could not fail of Succeſs, becauſe it was intirely agreeable to the Taſte of that Age. Accordingly many Perſons of Diſtinction came over, to all of whom he gave an Honourable Reception, careſſing them in ſuch a Manner, that they could

This Sacred Institution. To the World
 I here consign it, to the Good and Great
 Of every Age and Clime, and Them alone.

Now found the Trumpet; bid the Candidates
 With Confidence appear, and urge their Claims.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. which is answer'd by another Trumpet from without; then enter a Grandee of Spain, magnificently attir'd in the Spanish Habit, holding in his Hand the Pedigree of his Family, and preceded by Heralds, &c. bearing Achievements, Banners, Coats of Armour, Helmets, Gauntlets, Spurs, &c.

SPANIARD.

Illustrious Monarch! Emperor of the Isles!
 My Name is *Guzman* — from those Heroes sprung

Who

could never sufficiently admire his Politeness, Magnificence, and Liberality. To render these Entertainments the more Solemn, and to free himself also from the Ceremonies, to which the Difference of Rank and Condition would have subjected him, he caused a Circular Hall of Boards to be run up at *Windsor*, 200 feet in Diameter. There it was that he Feasted all the Knights at one Table, which was call'd the *Round Table*, in Memory of the Great *Arthur*, who, as it is pretended, instituted an Order of Knighthood by that Name. Next Year he caused a more solid Building to be erected, that he might continue Yearly the same Diversions. During that time he treated with these several Lords about the Aids, where-with each could furnish him, in proportion to his Forces. His Rival King *Philip* could not see without Jealousy, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*, *Flemings* and *Frenchmen* themselves flock to *England* to assist at these Tournaments. He suspected some hidden Design in these Entertainments, and to break *Edward's* Measures, caused the like to be published in his Dominions; which meeting

with Success, proved a Countermeine to *Edward's* main Design, so that he did not long continue to keep up his Round Table. From thence, however, it is generally agreed, he took the first Hint of Instituting the Order of the *Garter*. But as his Purpose in erecting this Order was very different from that which had induced him to revive *Arthur's* Round Table, as he had in this no private Views, no ambitious Scheme of engaging such as should be admitted into this Fraternity to assist him in his Wars, he thought proper, in order to obviate the like Jealousies and Suspicion as had alarmed King *Philip*, to signify by his Motto the Purity of his Intentions, and to retort Shame upon all those who should put any malignant Construction upon his Design in Instituting this Order. This therefore I take to be the true Meaning and Import of the famous Motto, *HONT SOIT QU'UN MAL Y PENSE*. The not understanding the Purports of which, gave rise in all probability to that vulgar Story of the Countess of *Pembroke's* *Garter*, rejected by all the best Writers.

Who with *Pelagio* mid th' *Asturian* Rocks,
Against th' Invasion of unnumber'd *Moors*,
Maintain'd the Fame and Empire of the *Goths*,
And founded at *Oviedo* once again
The *Spanish* Monarchy and Catholick Faith,
Transporting from the Mountain's dreary Womb
To glittering Temples her most holy Altars.
Thence on the bordering *Moor* their valiant Sons
Waging incessant War, e'er long regain'd
Their Ancient Realms of *Leon*, *Arragon*,
And rich *Castillia* : in which great Exploits
My brave Progenitors, by Valour, Zeal,
And Loyalty distinguish'd, from their Kings
Gain'd those high Honours, princely Signories,
And proud Prerogatives, which have extoll'd
The Name of *Guzman* to such envy'd Grandeur,
That scarce above it towers the Regal Throne.

These Honours undiminish'd, undefil'd,
To me deliver'd down, might well content
A vulgar Mind ; but Spirits highly born,
Are full of generous and aspiring Thoughts ;
And use the vantage Ground of Rank and Pow'r
But to ascend still higher. Thus I come
Thy Garter to solicit ; pleas'd, great Prince,
With Thee to be enroll'd thy Brother Knight,

And

And fearing no Repulse. Nobility,
As nearest in her Orbit, first receives
The Beams of Majesty; alone can bear
The Fulness of that Glory, which o'erpow'rs
Inferior Natures. Virtue's self wou'd blush,
Did she at once approach too near the Throne.
But the young Eagle born amid the Blaze
Of glancing Lightnings, with undazled Eye
Soars to the Courts of Heav'n, and perches bold
On the bright Sceptre of Imperial Jove.

The greatest King is he, that is the King
Of greatest Subjects. Seek'st Thou to advance
The Glory of thy Order? To thy self
Associate those, whose high-exalted Names,
For Ages past from Envy's self have forced
Habitual Veneration, never paid
To new and upstart Merit. Such am I,
Whose pure and generous Blood, descending down
From Noblest Fountains, in its Course enrich'd
By glorious Mixtures with each Royal Stream
That fair *Iberia* boasts, might ev'n pretend
To thy Alliance, *Edward*. View this Scroll
The faithful Blazon of my ancient Line,
A Line of Potentates, whose every Son
Deserv'd to wear the GARTER I demand.

(2)
In me their Representative, the Heir
Of all their Honours, Son of their Renown,
Do thou reward their Virtues : In their Names
I claim, and on hereditary Right,
The Right of Monarchs, *Edward*, rest my Plea.

EDWARD.

The high Desert of thy renown'd Fore-fathers
Well hast thou shewn ; but hast thou therefore prov'd
Thy self deserving to be call'd their Son ?
To thee their prosperous Virtues have indeed
Transmitted lineal Rank, and Titles proud,
By them more hardly gain'd ; for which thou stand'st
To Custom and th'Indulgence of thy Country
Indebted, *Guzman*, in a large Account ;
Which thou must first discharge by noble Deeds,
E'er thou canst stile those Dignities thine own.
This if thou hast not paid, why dost thou seek,
Like thriftless Prodigals to swell the Debt,
And overwhelm thy self with Obligations ?

Virtue is Honour, and the noblest Titles
Are but the publick Stamps set on the Ore
To ascertain its Value to Mankind.

It were a kind of Treason to my Crown,
To mark base Metal with the Royal Impress,
And put off lazy Pride in Virtue's Name.

Wou'dst thou attain my GARTER? Seek it there,
 Where thy Heroick Ancestors acquir'd
 Their glorious Honours, in th' embattled Field
 Among the Squadrons of the Warlike Moors:
 Or in the Council of thy King, by Truth
 And Wisdom equal to th' important Trust.
 Be what thy Fathers were, and then return
 To ask the Pledge of Merit from my Hand,
 And be the fit Companion of a King.

Exit Spaniard.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. which, as before, is answer'd by another Trumpet from without; then enter an Usurer and Senator of Genoa (at that time the Bank of Europe) dress'd in his Senatorial Gown of black Velvet, profusely, but awkwardly adorn'd with Jewels, Pearls and Diamond Necklaces, Pendants, Bracelets, Rings, such as he may be suppos'd to have receiv'd as Pawns, and to wear rather as Marks of his great Riches, than as Ornaments of his Dress. He is attended by a large Train of People of every Profession, appearing to be his Debtors, by their abject and timid Countenances, at the Head of whom, and next to the Usurer, marches a Scrivener bearing a large Bundle of Bonds, Mortgages, &c.

GENOESE.

From Genoa the Opulent, the Bank
 And Treasury of the World, most puissant King,
 Invited by thy Heralds, am I come

To

To claim the Honour by thy Promise due,
 Due by thy Justice to superior Worth;
 Due then to me, great *Edward*, who possess
 That Object of the Toils, the Cares, the Vows
 Of all Mankind, that comprehensive Good,
 Source of all Pow'r and Grandeur, boundless Wealth.

Behold yon glitt'ring Train, whose sumptuous Pride,
 Bright with the Treasures of each precious Mine,
 Invests with Glory thy Imperial Throne:
 Whence is their Dignity? The Ray august,
 That awes and dazles the respectful Croud,
 Proceeds it from Nobility, from Virtue,
 Their Wisdom, or their Valour, or their Fame?
 Comes it not rather from the beaming Ore?
 The Diamond's star-like Radiance? Wealth, O King,
 Wealth is the Sun that decks the gorgeous Scene;
 That cherishes, adorns, and calls to View
 These Princely Flowers of Honour, Virtue, Fame,
 Which in the Shade of Poverty were lost.
 Whatever Men desire or venerate
 On Wealth attends; ev'n Empire's self is bought.
 Nor cou'd the mighty *Julius* have attain'd
 By Wisdom or by Valour Sovereign Pow'r,
 Had not the Gold of vanquish'd *Gaul* subdued
 The Liberties of *Rome*. On wretched Want
 Contempt, and narrow-foul'd Dependence wait.

D

E'en

(20)
Ev'n Kings, of necessary Wealth depriv'd,
In Pow'rless Indigence lose all Respect,
All Homage from their Subjects: While the Rich,
Like Gods ador'd, o'er every Neck extend
Their potent Sceptres, and in Golden Chains
Fierce Faction and rebellious Freedom bind.

The Glory, Strength, Importance of a Realm
Is measur'd by its Riches: *Venice* thus,
Thus *Genoa's* petty State out-balances,
In *Europe's* Scale, the boundless Wilds that cloath
With Tributary Furs the *Russian* Czar,
With like Pre-eminence exalted shines
In every Land above the proudest Names,
The blest Possessor of all-worship'd Gold.

My Birth or Rank I boast not here, though born
A Senator of *Genoa*. The Desert,
On which I found my Claim, is all my own;
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the State
Of my declining House with greater Wealth
Than e're my thriftless Ancestors possess'd:
Whose richest Acquisitions were but Sprigs
Of barren Laurel, or the flaunting Rags
Of some torn Ensign, to their needy Son
A worthless Heritage. Yet not to swell
My narrow Fortunes wou'd my Soul descend
To the base Methods of ignoble Trade,

And

(27)
And vulgar mercantile Pursuit of Gain,
Mine were the nobler Arts of raising Gold
From Gold, of nursing and improving Wealth
By gainful Use; Arts practis'd heretofore
By Senators and Sages of Old Rome,
Illustrious *Crassus*, and wise *Seneca*.

Thus have I grac'd the Splendor of my Name
With suitable Possessions; thus I hold
In firm Subjection to my Will the Poor
Of ev'ry Rank and Order, Soldier, Priest,
The vent'rous Merchant, and the sumptuous Lord,
Who in a lower Vassalage to Me,
Than to thy Sceptre, *Edward*, bow their Heads,
Pledging their Lands and Liberties for Gold.

Hence am I bold to stand before thy Throne
A Candidate for Glory's highest Prize:
And let me add, that Policy alone
Shou'd teach thy Prudence to approve my Claim;
Shou'd teach thee in thy Subjects to excite,
By Honours on superior Wealth bestow'd,
A useful Emulation to be Rich:
Which once inspir'd, thy *Albion* shall become
The first of Nations, Thou the first of Kings.

EDWARD.

Hadst Thou by opening to thy Native Land
The golden Veins of Commerce, by employing
D 2 The

'The useful Hands of Industry in Works
Of National Advantage, by uniting
Remotest Regions in the friendly Bands
And honest Intercourse of Mutual Trade ;
Hadst Thou by these humane and generous Arts,
Which thy mistaken Pride so much disdains,
Enrich'd at once thy Country and thy self,
Then not unworthy hadst thou been to wear
The brightest Marks of Honour ; but thy Wealth,
The base-born Child of fordid Usury,
That Foe to Commerce, Nurse of Idleness,
Stains and degrades thee from thy noble Birth ;
Nor in the Usurer can I discern
The Senator of *Genoa*.——To enlarge
The Mind with gen'rous Sentiments, to raise
Its Aims by Virtuous Emulation, here
I fit ; but not to gild with Honour's Beams
That selfish Passion which congeals the Heart,
And stops the Streams of sweet Benevolence,
Mean Avarice, the Vice of narrowest Souls,
Incapable of Glory—Wealth, thou say'st,
Can buy ev'n Empire, and to *Julius* gave
Dominion o'er his Country—Fatal Gift,
And ruinous to both ! but what to *Rome*,
What to that *Cæsar's* Successors avail'd
The boundless Treasures of the ravag'd World,
When they had lost their Virtue ? Did not soon

The valiant Sons of Poverty, the *Goths*,
 The *Huns* and *Vandals*, from their barren Hills
 And rugged Woods descending, to their Steel
 Subject the Roman Gold ? Yet I deny not
 The Pow'r and Use of Riches : To the Wise
 And Good, in publick or in private Life,
 They are the Means of Virtue, and best serve
 The noblest Purposes ; but in the Use,
 Not in the bare Possession, lies the Merit.
 Shew me thy Merit then, thy bounteous Acts,
 Publick Munificence, or private Alms,
 The Hungry and the Naked, and the Sick
 Sustain'd and cherish'd by thy saving Hand ;
 Plead this, and I allow thy worthy Claim,
 For this is Virtue, and deserves Reward.

Exit Gen.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. which is answer'd by a Sym-
phony of Flutes, Violins, &c, playing a light amou-
rous Air ; then appears a Neapolitan Courtier, a
Favorite of Queen Joan, who then reign'd at Na-
ples, and whose Court was the most debauch'd and
dissolute of that Age. He comes in with a gay and
affected Gesture, and is dress'd in loose silken Robes,
rich, but finical and effeminate ; on his Hair, which
is curl'd and spread all over his Shoulders down to
the Middle of his Back, he wears a Chaplet of Roses,
and is attended by a Train of beautiful Boys, habited
like Cupids, and Musicians, who, as he marches to-
wards the Throne, continue playing their soft and
wanton Airs.

NEAPOLITAN.

Not on my Wealth, nor on my noble Blood,
 Shall I presume to claim thy Royal Gift,
 Auspicious Prince, but on the Skill to give
 That Splendor to Nobility and Wealth,
 That Elegance of Taste, from which alone
 Their Value they derive ; of this to judge,
 This to direct, I boast, fit Arbiter
 Of all refin'd Delights— But chief to Kings
 My happy Talents I devote ; on them
 My Genius waits with duteous Care, and wafts
 The Golden Cup of Pleasure to their Lips,
 Like *Ganymede* before the Throne of *Jove*.
 And who indeed would wish to be a God
 Only to Thunder, and to hear the Pray'rs
 Of clam'rous Suitors ? 'Tis the Nectar'd Feast,
 The Dance of *Graces*, and the wanton Charms
 Of *Venus*, sporting with the *Smiles* and *Loves*,
 That make the Court of Heav'n a blest Abode.
 Far happier were the meanest Peasant's Lot,
 Who sleeps or sings in careless Ease beneath
 The Sunburnt Haycock, or the flow'ry Thorn,
 Than to be plac'd on high in anxious Pride,
 The Purple Drudge and Slave of tiresome State,
 If to superior Power superior Means
 Of Joy were not annex, and larger Scope

For

For every Wish the lavish Heart can form :
If the soft Hand of Pleasure did not wreath
Around the Royal Diadem, whose Weight
Oppressive loads the Monarch's aching Brow,
Her fairest Growth of ever-blooming Flow'rs.

On Thee, victorious Prince, propitious Fortune
Hath pour'd her richest Gifts, Renown and Wealth,
And Greatness equal to thy mighty Mind ;
One only Bliss is wanting to thy Court,
Voluptuous Elegance, the lovely Child
Of Ease and Opulence ; that never comes,
But like a Bird of Summer to attend
The brightest Sunshine of a glorious State.
To her, and her alone belongs the Task,
By learned Delicacy to remove,
What yet remains in this thy ancient Realm
Of *Gothick* Barbarism, the Rust of War,
And valiant Ignorance— Her artful Hand,
Thy rugged *Britons* shall refine, and teach
More Courtly Manners, to their Sovereign's Will
Politely pliant : Do but thou command
Thy willing Servant, with thy Favours grac'd,
From fair *Joanna's* ever-smiling Court,
Under whose happy Influence I was train'd,
From polish'd *Naples*, her delightful Seat,
The blooming Goddess to transport, with all

Her

Her Train of Joys, and fix them here beneath
Thy great Protection— But perhaps thou fear'st
The Voice of Censure, and the grave Reproof
Of Moralizing Dullness: Idle Fear!
The Vulgar Herd indeed, Religious Craft,
And Policy of State have well confin'd
With wise Severity to rigid Laws:
Else would that headstrong Beast the Multitude
Forget Obedience, and its Rider's Voice
Disdain. But shall the Rider put a Curb
In his own Mouth? The Laws that Kings have made,
Shall they restrain the Makers? Edward, No!
For Thee indulgent Justice shall relax
Her harsh Decrees, and Piety shall wait
To give her Reverend Sanction to thy Will.
'Tis thine to rove at large thro' Nature's Field,
Crop every Flow'r, and taste of every Fruit;
By sweet Variety provoking still
The languid Appetite to new Desires.
Nor useless to thy Pleasures, happy Prince,
Shall be my faithful Service; nicer Joys,
Joys of a quicker, more exalted Taste,
Than ever ripen'd in this Northern Clime,
The Growth of softer Regions, shall my Hand
By skilful Culture in thy Britain raise.
To them, whose gross and dull Capacities
Are fit to bear the Burthens of the State,

The lab'ring Mules, that thro' the Mire of Form
Draw the slow Car of Government along,
Gladly the Task of Bus'ness I resign.
Be mine the brighter Province, to direct
Thy Pleasures, *Edward*, Minister Supreme
Of all thy softer Hours : To serve the King
Be Theirs the Glory, let Me serve the Man.

But shou'd thy sterner *Genius*, only pleas'd
With Arms and Royalty's important Cares,
The Duties of a King, my gentle Arts
Too lightly Prize, and thence reject my Suit :
Permit at least, that to *Philippa's* Ear,
Divine *Philippa*, Thine and Beauty's Queen,
And her Attendant Graces, I may plead
The Cause of Bliss, a Cause so much their own :
They will approve my Claim, to whom the Cares
The Labours of my Life, my Head, my Heart
Are all devoted --- Let me from their Hands
Receive the GARTER, and be call'd their Knight.

PHILIPPA.

Permit me, gracious *Edward*, to reply
To this irreverent Flatterer, who presumes
Before a Matron and a Queen to plead
The Cause of Vice, and impudently hopes
To find in her a Fautress of his Suit.
But know, pernicious Sophister, my Heart

E

Hath

Hath learn'd from *Edward's* Love, and this high Rank
Which I partake with Him, a noble Pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar Eye
And fawcy Tongue of Riot and Debauch;
In whose unmanner'd light Society,
Nor Majesty, nor Virtue can maintain
That Dignity, which is their proper Guard.

Thy vile Refinements, and luxurious Arts,
Miscall'd Politeness, I detest; and feel,
In the soft Duties of a virtuous Love,
Such pure, serene Delight, as far transcends
What thou stil'st Pleasure, the delicious Joy
Of an intoxicated feverish Brain.

Behold my Royal Lord, the First and Best
Of Kings, the Love and Wonder of Mankind!
Behold my Children, worthy their great Sire,
The general Theme of Praise and Benediction!
These are my Pleasures: Can thy Skill bestow
Superior Bliss? Ah no! the vain Attempt
Wou'd only bring Disgust, Remorse, and Shame.

EDWARD.

That I have lov'd, *Philippa*, and esteem'd thee
More for thy Virtues than those Female Charms,
Which this vile Flatterer deems singly worth
His Panegyrick, be thy Happiness
And Glory, as it is thy *Edward's* Pride.

With

With the like Spirit have I also woo'd
 And wedded Sov'reign Pow'r; not weakly caught
 With outward Pomp, or seeking to my self
 A Privilege to riot uncontroul'd
 In sensual Pleasures, and behind the Throne
 To laugh securely at Restraint and Law.
 No: I embrac'd her as the Child of Heav'n,
 Dowr'd with the ample Means of doing Good;
 From whose Espousals I might hope to raise
 An Offspring, worth th' Ambition of a King,
 Immortal Glory; to a generous Mind
 As far surpassing all the wanton Toys,
 Which he calls Pleasure, as thy faithful Love
 (The sweet O'erflowing of Heart-felt Delight)
 Excells, *Philippa*, the lascivious Smile
 Of common Prostitutes, careles'd and loath'd.

Hence from my Sight with thy detested Arts,
 Base Minister of Luxury, the Bane
 Of every flourishing and happy State:
 Presume no more within my Court to sing
 Thy *Syren-Song*, nor soften into Slaves
 And Cowards my brave Subjects——I disdain
 That Elegance, which such as Thou can teach,
 Virtue alone is Elegant, alone
 Polite; Vice must be fordid and deform'd,
 Tho' to adorn her every Art contend.

And rather wou'd I see my Britons roam
Untutor'd Savages, among their Woods,
As once they did, in naked Innocence,
Than polish'd like the vile degenerate Race
Of modern Italy's corrupted Sons. [Exit Neap.

Trumpet sounds, and is answer'd from without by another Trumpet, which sounds a March, accompanied by Kettle-Drums and other Warlike Instruments: Then enters, preceded by Soldiers playing upon Fifes, and others bearing tatter'd Ensigns, Standards, and Trophies, a Leader of Mercenary Bands compleatly arm'd from Head to Foot, and carrying in his Right-hand a Baton or Truncheon. On each side of him march his 'Squires, one bearing his Launce, the other his Shield. Behind him, as his Attendants, comes a Train of Officers and Soldiers maimed, and their Faces all seam'd with Scars.

SOLDIER.

Nor Riches, nor Nobility of Birth,
Nor the soft Arts of base effeminate Ease,
Which justly thou rejectest, valiant Prince,
But thy own darling Attribute I boast,
Undaunted Courage, try'd in many a Field,
In every Clime, and under every Banner,
That for these Forty Summers hath been wav'd
O'er Europe's Plains, by Isber, Rhine and Po,
Hungarian and Bohemian, Flemish, French,
Venetian, Spanish, Guelph and Ghibeline;
Whence in just Confidence secure I come

This

This Military Honour to Demand,
 Due to my Toils and Service, to my Wounds,
 My Laurels, and that generous Love of Glory,
 Which without any Call, or publick Cause,
 Or private Animosity, alone
 Rais'd my strong Arm, and drew my dreadful Sword.

Wherever *Mars* his crimson Flag display'd,
 That was my Country, thither swift I bore
 My ready Valour, and the dauntless Band
 Of various Nations, under my Command,
 Prepar'd to sell their Blood, their Limbs, their Lives:
 Nor where the Right, nor where the justest Cause,
 Deign'd we to ask——Those intricate Debates
 We left to lazy Penmen in the Shade
 Of Coward Ease; while our impetuous Fire
 Still bore us forward, ardent to pursue
 Thro' Danger's roughest Paths the Steps to Fame:
 On such a Spirit should thy Favour smile.

But let me wonder, *Edward*, that so long
 Thy Ear the vain Pretensions cou'd endure
 Of Men unknown to War, Attendants meet
 On some luxurious *Asiatick* Court,
 Or Female Distaff-Reign; but suiting ill
 The Presence of a Monarch great in Arms.
 Hadst thou to those inglorious Sons of Peace
 Thy Martial Order giv'n, the Warriour-Saint

Had

Had blush'd to see his Image so profan'd,
Which on my manly Breast, indented o'er
With many a noble Scar, will fitly shine.
But wherefore stand I thus haranguing here,
Unskilful as I am in smooth Discourse,
The Coward's Argument? On Force alone
I rest my Title: Let the glorious Prize
Be hung on high amid the list'd Field,
And let me there dispute it; there my Launce
Shall plead my Cause far better than my Tongue,
If any dare deny my rightful Claim.

EDWARD.

Not for the Brave alone have I ordain'd
This Institution, but for all Desert,
All publick Virtue, Wisdom, all that serves,
Improves, defends, or dignifies a State;
Tho' first indeed to Valour, as the Guard
Of all the rest, when in the publick Cause
With Justice and Benevolence employ'd.
But Thou, base Mercenary, canst thou dare
The glorious Name of Valour to usurp,
Who know'st no publick Cause, no Sense of Right,
Nor Pity, nor Affection, nor Remorse?
Who under any Chief, in any Quarrel,
Canst stain with Gore thy prostituted Arms.
Call it not Love of Glory; That is built

On

On Acts for the Deliverance of Mankind ;
On generous Principles, and noble Scorn
Of sordid Interest : Call it cruel Pride,
And Savageness of Nature, that delights
To conquer, and oppress, afflict, insult ;
Or call it Love of Plunder, that can draw
Unauthoris'd, uninjur'd, unprovok'd,
The Sword of War ; that Bravo-like can lift
For Hire the Venal Hand to perpetrate
Assassinations, Murders, Massacres.

But Thou hast serv'd with Courage : be it so—
Thou hast thy Pay, and with it thy Reward ;
Pretend no farther, nor compare thy Deeds,
Dishonour'd by the mean Desire of Gain,
With His, who for his Country and his King
Resigns his Ease, his Fortune, or his Life.
Those Battles thou hast fought, those forty Years
Of Blood and Horror, which thy vaunting Tongue
So high hath sounded, are indeed thy Crimes,
Flagitious Crimes ; for which th' Impartial Bar
Of Reason wou'd condemn thee, as the Foe
Of Human Nature, did not Custom screen
By her unjust Esteem thy guilty Head.
But hope not Honour or Employment here.
Unsafe and wretched is that Monarch's State,
Who weakly trusts to Mercenary Bands,
The Guard or of his Person, or his Realm :

Unfaithful, insolent, rapacious, base
He soon shall prove them, and become himself
Their Slave, to hold his Kingdom at their Will,
For this within my *Britain* have I fought,
To raise a Martial Spirit, and ordain'd
These new Incitements, Honours, and Rewards,
To virtuous Chivalry, that never King
Who wears hereafter my Imperial Crown,
May need to stoop to the precarious Aid
Of venal Foreign Swords; but in the Hearts
Of his brave Subjects find a stronger Guard,
Prepar'd with Zeal unbought, and *English* Valour,
His Rights to vindicate, and save their own.

Exit Soldier.

*Trumpet sounds, to which another from without replies:
Then enters an Italian Politician, habited like a
Venetian Nobleman, who advancing with a solemn
and important Air towards the Throne, makes a
low Reverence to King Edward, and proceeds.*

POLITICIAN.

Well has thy sovereign Wisdom, Royal Judge,
The Suit refus'd of these Pretenders vain,
And, by rejecting them, embolden'd Me.
For Valour, and Nobility and Wealth,
Though by their proud Possessors vaunted high,
Are but subordinate, the Slaves and Tools,
Not the Companions, and the Counsellors

Of

Of Godlike Monarchy ; whose awful Throne
 By darksome Clouds envelop'd, far beyond
 The Ken of vulgar Eyes, supported stands
 On that deep-rooted Prop, the Craft of State,
 Myfterious Policy.—— Who beft hath learn'd
 Her wily Lessons, beft deserves to share
 The Honours, Counfels, and the Hearts of Kings.
 By Him instructed, even the meanest Prince
 Shall rife to envy'd Greatnefs, fhall advance
 His dreaded Pow'r above Reftraint and Fear,
 And all the Rules, that in fantaftick Chains
 Inferior Minds confine. Thus *Milan's* Dukes,
 Thus *Padoua's* Lords above their Country's Laws
 Have rais'd their Heads, and trampled to the Duft
 The Pride of Freedom, that effays in vain
 Their high, fuperior Genius to controul.
 Thefe were my Mafters, mighty Prince; beneath
 Their Rule, and in their Councils was I form'd
 To know the falfe corrupted Heart of Man,
 His every Weaknefs, every Vice, and thence
 To tempt, or break his Paflions to the Yoke:
 To fcorn the Publick as an empty Name,
 And on the helpiefs Multitude impofe
 The Adamantine Bonds of Fraud and Force.

Thus was I train'd, thus fitted to conduct
 The Fate of proudeft Empires ; thus I come

F

To

To claim thy GARTER, *Edward*, the just Meed
 Of Worth præminent, and in Return
 My Services to offer, which no doubt
 Thy Wisdom gladly will accept: For who
 So fit to serve the Majesty of Kings,
 As He, who fighting every meaner Tye,
 Friends, Parents, Country, to advance their Pow'r
 Devotes his Toil, Experience, Fortune, Fame,
 Nor other Favour courts, nor Refuge hopes
 But in their high Protection?—Led by me,
 Thou, Royal *Edward*, shalt attain that Height,
 That glorious Summit of Imperial Pow'r,
 Which not thy mightiest Ancestors have reach'd;
 Where in a freer Air, a more enlarg'd
 Horizon, bounded only by thy Will,
 Thou shalt exalted sit, and view beneath,
 In humbler Distances and safer Bounds,
 Those Subjects, who presumptuous now approach
 Too near, and with rude Hands profane thy Throne.

Nor let weak Scruples check thy Manly Soul
 In the bright Talk of Glory; know, great Prince,
 A King's Divinity is Sovereign Pow'r,
 The only God, before whose Shrine the Wise
 Their Incense offer; whence inspir'd, they draw
 Divine Ambition, and Heroick Scorn
 Of Vulgar Prejudices, Vulgar Fears.

Virtue's

Virtue's the People's Idol, and by them well rewarded
 Rewarded well with popular Applause,
 That idle Breath, the Gift and Prize of Fools.
 'Tis thine to Govern, not to Court Mankind,
 Nor on their Smiles precarious to depend,
 But nobly force them to depend on Thine.
 O sacred Sir, can Virtue give thee This,
 This bright Supremacy? Trust not her Boasts,
 Her idle Pageantry of barren Praise:
 Reject her sawcy Claims, importunate,
 And self-supported; nor admit her Train,
 Proud Independency, and publick Zeal,
 Those factious Demagogues, the Foes of Kings.

EDWARD.

Are Virtue then and Love of publick Good
 The Foes of Monarchy? and are Deceit,
 Injustice, and Oppression, Qualities
 Becoming, and expedient in a King?
 Then know I not to govern; but have nurs'd
 For twice these Fifteen Years even in my Heart,
 A poisonous Viper; nay unking'd my self,
 By yielding to restrain my Sovereign Pow'r
 With Laws and Charters of Enfranchisement,
 Not due, it seems, from Monarchs to their Slaves.

But know, vile Counsellor of Infamy,
 That I disclaim thy Politicks, those false

(44)
And shallow Politicks, by which my Sire,
Weak-judging *Edward*, was betray'd to Shame
And foul Destruction, while to such as Thee
His Ear and Heart incautious he resign'd,
And was indeed their Slave, not *England's* King.

By Maxims different far have I sustain'd
The Strength and Splendor of my Regal State,
On the broad Basis of true Wisdom fix'd
With solid Firmness. By encouraging
The generous Love of Virtue and of Fame,
That Source of Valour, Pledge of Victory.

By granting to my Subjects, what indeed
Is their inherent Right, Security,
The chearful Father of Content and Peace,
Of Industry and Opulence, which fills
With smiling Multitudes the Land, and pays
In willing Subsidies that Prince's Care,
Who lays up Treasure in his People's Hearts.

By holding with a firm impartial Hand
The steady Scale of Justice; not alone
Betwixt my Subjects in their private Rights,
But in the general, more important Cause,
Betwixt the Crown and Them, the different Claims
Of Freedom and of just Prerogative:
Transgressing not myself by boundless Pow'r,
Nor suffering others to transgress those Laws,

That

(45)
That in their golden Chain together bind,
For common Good, the whole united State.

But more than all by guarding from Contempt
Or impious Violation, that Supreme
Protectress of all Government and Law,
Religion ; in whose Train for ever wait
Obedience, Order, Justice, Mercy, Love,
A Guard of Angels plac'd around the Throne.
Her sacred Counsels have I still rever'd,
Her high Commands enforc'd, her Pow'r implor'd,
O'er all my Subject Nations to call down
From Heav'nly Wisdom, her Eternal Sire,
A fix'd secure Felicity, beyond
The Force of human Prudence to attain.

These are my Arts of Government, those Arts
By which my *British* Crown I have advanc'd
Above th' Imperial Diadem, above
The pride of *Africk's* or of *Asia's* Thrones.
I wou'd not tell Thee this, but that Thou seem'st
A Stranger to my Fame, as to my Realm,
And to the real Greatness of a King :
Whose sacred Dignity, by thee traduc'd,
Much it behoves a King to vindicate ;
Not by rejecting only with Disdain
Thy Arrogant Pretensions, but in Thee
Dishonouring and branding with Reproach

Thy

Thy Tenets also, the pernicious Lore
Of Tyrants and Usurpers, which thy Tongue,
Blaspheming Justice, Government, and Law,
Hath in a Land of Freedom dar'd to vent.
Hence! from my Kingdom, with thy quickest Speed,
Lest the Revenge of an insulted King
With sudden Ruin intercept thy Flight.

Exit Politician.

King JOHN.

Permit me, *Edward*, to thy Royal Voice
To add my Suffrage also, and with Thee
Protest against this Coward Policy,
That meanly skulks behind opprobrious Fraud,
And low unprincely Artifice; I feel
A Virtue in my Heart, a generous Pride,
That tells me Kings were cloath'd with Majesty,
Encircled with Authority, rever'd
And almost Deify'd, to teach them thence
That Goodness and the saving Attributes
Of Heav'n become their Office, Justice chief,
And Truth, the Virtue of heroick Minds,
Which, were it banish'd from all other Breasts,
Should dwell for ever in the Hearts of Kings.
*Aërial Musick, upon which re-enter the Five Druids
who personated the Grandee, &c. in their Original
Characters and Habits of Druids, the Chief of whom
advancing towards the Throne, addresses himself to
King Edward.*

Chief DRUID.
 Behold in Us, great King, the Ancient Priests
 And Judges of this Land, the *Druids* old
 Who late in borrow'd Characters have stood
 Before thy sage Tribunal, to prefer
 The Claims of Valour, Wealth, Nobility,
 And those soft specious Flatterers, who beneath
 The Rosy Wreaths of Pleasure and of Love
 Conceal the sickly and disgustful Brow
 Of Riot and Debauch, and often win
 From weak unmanly Princes the rich Prize
 To Virtue due and Wisdom, not to These
 The Cankers of a State; but least of all
 Due to that Traytor to his King and Country,
 Who lab'ring to build up the Regal Throne
 Beyond its due Proportion, and the Strength
 Of those Foundations which the Laws have laid,
 O'erwhelms the People, and at once o'erturns
 His Royal Master, places him at best
 On an uneasy tottering Pinnacle,
 The Mark of Execration and Reproach.

These Claims hast thou rejected; like a King
 Discerning in Mankind, and knowing well
 The Value of his Favours: Like a King
 Deserving the high Office of the Judge
 And Arbiter of *Europe*; like a King

Equal

Equal to his great Fame, and worth the Care
Of those immortal Spirits, who this Day
Have quitted their Celestial Residence
To view and to approve thy glorious Deeds.

But *Edward*, be not thou amaz'd to find
That those, who lately for thy Favour sued
Were not the Personages they assum'd.
O King ! Thou art beset with Counterfeits
The very Opposites to Us, who seem
Far better than they are. For Flattery,
Chameleon-like, accommodates with Care
To the Court-hue his changeful Countenance.
And when a Prince is Brave, Magnanimous,
And high in Spirit, then Ambition wears
A Face of Dignity, and nothing breathes
But lofty Enterprizes, Conquest, Pow'r,
And Schemes of Glory to the Sovereign Ear,
Pretending Love and Care for his Renown
With more than duteous Zeal.— Of these beware !
For as the *Theban* Queen, in Fables old,
Was, by the specious Guile of fraudulent *Jove*,
In her *Amphitryon's* Form to Guilt betray'd,
So by these Counterfeits are Kings seduc'd,
Ev'n in the most belov'd suspectless Shapes,
To take a Traytor to their Royal Arms.
But Thou shalt know them, *Edward*, by their Works.
And of this Truth be most assur'd, that He,
Who

Who in his private Commerce with Mankind
Is mean, dishonest, interested, false,
Can ne'er be true to Thee, nor can he love
His Prince, who feels not for his Country's Good.

Thus warn'd we leave Thee, mighty Prince: be firm,
Be constant in the Paths of fair Renown.
Think it thy Duty to revere thyself
The Sacred Laws of Chivalry, the Wise
Injunctions by thy Order laid on all
The GARTER'D KNIGHTS; so shall thy Fame remain
The great Example of all Future Kings.
Farewell for lo! the Genius of thy Realm
With all his Pomp attended, comes to share,
And grace the Glories of this signal Day.
These Clouds of Fragrance, that far-beaming Blaze
Of Heav'nly Brightness, his approach declare.

Druids vanish.

*Flashes of Light, and Symphony of Aerial Musick.
Genius of England descends in his Chariot attended
by Spirits and Bards, then alighting he advances to-
wards the Throne, and addresses himself to Edward.*

GENIUS.

From the gay Realms of cloudless Day I come,
Where in the Glitter of unnumber'd Worlds,
That like to Isles of various Magnitudes
Float in the Ocean of Unbounded Space;

G

On

On my invisible Aerial Throne
I sit, attended with a radiant Band
Of Spirits immortal, whose pure Effences,
While clad in human Shapes on Earth they dwell,
Thro' the dull Clay of gross Mortality
Disclos'd their heav'nly Vigour, and burst forth
In godlike Virtues and heroick Deeds,
Their *Albion* gracing with as fair a Growth
Of Fame, as e'er enrich'd Imperial *Rome*,
Thence ripe for Heav'n and Immortality,
To Me, the *Genius* of this happy Isle,
They fly, and claim the Meed of their Desert,
Celestial Crowns, and ever-living Praise
Recorded in the Songs of Heav'nly Bards,
That round my Throne their Hymns of Triumph sing,
Attuning to the sweet harmonious Spheres,
Their undiscording Lyres and Voice divine.

Nor thus remov'd to Heav'n, and thus employ'd
In ceaseless Raptures, wont they to forget
Their Native Country, and the Publick Weal,
To which on Earth their Labours and their Lives
They once devoted; but pursuing still
The Bent and Habit of their Souls, with me
They watch the *British* Empire, still intent
To check alternately th' incroaching Waves
Of Regal Pow'r and popular Liberty:
I, chief attentive near the Royal Throne,

Take up my watchful Station, to infuse
 My sage and moderate Counsels in those Ears,
 Which Wisdom hath prepar'd and purify'd
 To relish honest, tho' unpleasing Truth.

Thus am I always, tho' invisible,
 Attendant, *Edward*, on thy glorious Deeds.
 But on this solemn Day have I vouchsafed
 To manifest my Presence; to declare,
 Not in those Whispers which have often spoke
 Peace to thy conscious Heart, but audibly
 And evident to All, th' Assent of Heav'n
 To the great Business, which hath gather'd here
 This Troop of Princes from all Nations round.
 Hence all may know that Virtue hath a Train
 More bright than Earthly Empire can command:
 Know, that those Actions which are great and good,
 Receive a nobler Sanction from the free
 And universal Voice of all Mankind,
 Which is the Voice of Heav'n, than from the highest,
 The most illustrious Act of Regal Pow'r.

This nobler Sanction, *Edward*, in the Name
 Not of this Age alone, but latest Time,
 Here do I solemnly annex to each
 Of thy great Acts, but chief to this most wise
 Most virtuous Institution, which extends
 Wide as thy Fame, beyond thy Empire's Bound,

A Prize of Virtue publish'd to Mankind,
Ye Registers of Heav'n, record the Deed.

BARDs.

Now tune, ye Bards, the *British* Lyre ;
Now wake the Vocal String ;
While Heav'n and Earth in *Edward's* Praise conspire,
Join to the general Voice your sacred Quire,
And on your soaring Wing,
From Time and Envy waft his glorious Name,
And place it in the Shrine of incorruptive Fame.
Begin ; the listening Echoes round
Shall catch with Joy the long-forgotten Sound,
And warbling thro' each Grove the *British* Strain
To *Windsor's* smiling Nymphs, recall their *Arthur's* Reign.

Ye Nymphs of *Windsor's* bow'ry Woods,
Ye Pow'rs who haunt yon glist'ning Floods,
That with reluctant fond Delay
Around yon flow'ry Valley stray ;
Say, from your Minds hath time eras'd
The pleasing Images of Glory past ?

Review ye now those Scenes no more ?
When nobly stain'd with *Saxon* Gore,
From *Badon's* long-contended Plain
Great *Arthur* with his Martial Train
To *Windsor's* chosen Shades repair'd,
And with his Knights the festive Banquet shar'd.

Then first exulting *Thames* beheld
The Triumphs of the lifted Field ;
Beheld along his level Meads
Careering Knights, encount'ring Steeds,

Heroick Games, whose Toils inspire
The Thirst of Praise, and kindle Martial Fire.

Fair Peace in War's bright Mail array'd,
With Smiles the glorious Lists survey'd;
So shou'd the Brave (she cry'd) prepare
Their Hearts and sinewy Arms for War:
Such Combats break not my Repose,
Such Sons best guard my Rights from daring Foes.

Then too in feastful Hall or Bow'r,
Attendant on the genial Hour,
The *British* Harp sweet Lyrists strung,
And *Albion's* generous Victors sung:
While valiant *Arthur's* copious Fame
Incessant fed the bright poetick Flame.

But Mortals erring in Excess,
O'erwhelm the Virtue they caress.
Thus *Arthur* his great Story mourn'd,
By too fond Praise to Fable turn'd:
Mourn'd the Companions of his Toils,
Mock'd with false Glory and fantastick Spoils.

'Till thro' the dark Romantick Tale,
Thro' Superstition's magick Veil,
Sage *Edward* piercing view'd, and own'd
The Chief with genuine Lustre crown'd:
View'd the great Model, and restor'd
The long-lost Honours of his Martial Board.

Hail *British* Prince! These faithful Lays,
Eternal Records of Heroick Worth,
Shall reassert thy ancient Praise
And from the Cloud of Fiction call thee forth,

(54)
In Glory's Sphere thy Orbit to reclaim,
And at great *Edward's* Beam relume thy dark'ned Fame.

But see ! in Heav'nly Panoply array'd,
Whose streaming Radiance skirts the Clouds with
I view *Pendragon* burst the veiling Shade, [Gold,
And all his blazing Magnitude unfold !
O'er yon broad Tow'r he takes his airy Stand,
And pointing, *Edward*, towards thy Royal Throne,
To his fam'd Knights around, a laurel'd Band,
Shews on thy Knee the bright Sky-tinctur'd Zone.

Virtue, he cries, (th' ætherial Sound
Thy gross material Organ cannot hear)
Virtue on Earth by *British Edward* crown'd,
Her reverend Throne once more shall rear.

To Her own self-applauding Breast
Forc'd for Reward no longer to retreat,
She sees her awful Charms by Kings caress'd,
Sees Honour woo her for his Mate.

Honour, her Heav'n-elected Spouse,
From her Embrace by lawless Pow'r with-held,
Now at yon Altar plights his holy Vows,
Vows by assenting *Edward* seal'd.

And now the fair Angelic Bride
Gathering her Noble Train from every Land,
To her late-wedded Lord with decent Pride
Presents the venerable Band.

The great Procession *Edward* leads ;
I see yon hallow'd Dome with Heroes throng'd :
Incessant still the white-plum'd Pomp proceeds,
Thro' Time's eternal Course prolong'd.

And you, dear Partners of my Fame,
Your ancient Honours now again shall boast;
This Noble ORDER shall retrieve our Name,
In visionary Fables lost.

This from our Martial Board deriv'd,
These for our Brethren let us proudly own,
More pleas'd to view our Deeds by Thee reviv'd,
Than griev'd, Great King, to be outdone.

CHORUS.

Hail *British* Prince! these faithful Lays
Shall reassert thy ancient Praise.
Nor Thee, O *Windsor*, shall I pass unsung,
Mansion of Princes, and fit Haunt of Gods,
Who frequent shall desert their bright Abodes,
To view thy sacred Walls with Trophies hung;
Thy Walls by *British* *Arthur* first renown'd,
The early Seat of Chivalry and Fame;
By *Edward* now with deathless Honour crown'd,
Illustrious by his BIRTH, his GARTER, and his NAME!

GENIUS.

Conferring just Rewards, most worthy Prince,
Is the first Attribute of Sov'reign Pow'r,
And That which best distinguishes a King:
For Punishment, and all the nice Awards
Of Civil Justice, by the Laws are fix'd,
And Kings but execute what they decree.
While in rewarding Merit, uncontroul'd,
Unguided, unassisted is the Hand

Of Majesty ; The Prince himself alone
There judges, and his Wisdom is the Law.
Well does thy Court, great King, with every Worth
And every Virtue fill'd, this Wisdom shew
In thee transcendant ; well hast thou approv'd
Its Force in this great Trial, which my Pow'r
Commanded, in no common ways to prove
Thy Royal Mind.— But that a Father's Name
May not restrain thy Justice in the Choice
Of the first Knights-Companions of St. GEORGE,
Myself here take upon me to present
A Candidate, whom, were he not thy Son,
Thou wouldst thyself select from all Mankind.

His Modesty compells me to declare
That Candidate is *Edward*, Prince of *Wales*.

Prince EDWARD.

Inhabitant of Heav'n ! I not presume
To deprecate or question that high Will,
To which it best becomes me to submit.
But, gentle Spirit, be propitious to me ;
And Thou, my gracious Liege, if I request
That this illustrious Monarch, whose Desert
Is equal to the Grandeur of his Crown,
May stand before me in this List of Fame.

King JOHN.

Oh generous Youth ! in vain thy Goodness strives
To raise thy Captive thus above his Fortune.

The King that is not free, is not a King ;
 Nor can thy bounteous Favour reconcile
 Honour and Bondage.——To thy conquering Son
 Do thou, great *Edward*, give this Noble Mark
 Of prosperous Virtue ; ill becomes it me,
 To wear at once thy GARTER and thy Chains.
 Though by my former Dignity I swear,
 That were I reinstated in my Throne,
 The Throne of *Capet* and of *Charlemagne*,
 Thus to be join'd in Fellowship with Thee,
 Would be the first Ambition of my Soul,
 A Ray of Glory I wou'd sue to gain,
 And prize it equal with my Diadem.

GENIUS.

Wisely thou hast determin'd, worthy Prince,
 For Thine and *Edward's* Honour, and hast fix'd
 Its proper Value on his Royal Gift,
 Which, as the Meed of Merit, may become
 The proudest Monarchs, by this GARTER mark'd
 For something more than Monarchs, Virtuous Men.
 This be the Glory of thy Order, *Edward*.
 And † never shall it want the greatest Names
 Of all succeeding Times to grace its Annals.
France, Sweden, Poland, Germany and Spain,
 Each Realm of *Europe's* wide-extended Bounds,

H

Shall

† Besides the great Persons of our own Nation, that have been admitted of this Order, the *English* Reader may be glad to be informed that in the Annals of the Garter are found the Names of *Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany*; of *Francis I.* and *Henry IV.* Kings of *France*; and of *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*.

Shall count among thy Knights its mightiest Lords,
And see, in Emulation of thy Fame,
New Royal Founders of like Orders rise.
Proceed then, mighty King, and set the World
The Precedent of Glory: Thou begin
The radiant List of Sovereigns, while thy Son,
Like a young Bride, that on her Nuptial Morn
Leads on with modest Pride the Virgin-Choir,
Herself the brightest, heads the shining Band
Of Knights-Companions, nobly seconding
His Father's glorious Deeds with equal Fame.

EDWARD.

The Testimony of Heav'n to thee, my Son,
Thus gloriously accorded, renders vain
All farther Trial.-----To my People's Voice,
By this their Tutelary Pow'r declar'd,
With Pleasure I consent, directing still
By theirs my Choice, my Judgment, my Desires.

Approach then, my belov'd, my Noble Son,
Strength of my Crown, and Honour of my Realm;
In whom my Heart more joys, and glories more,
Than in the highest Pride of Sovereign Pow'r.

‡ Thus I admit thee, *Edward Prince of Wales*,
First Founder of the Order of St. GEORGE;
In Evidence whereof, about thy Knee
I bind this Mystick GARTER, to denote

‡ The Prince of *Wales* advances to his Father, and kneels; while the King, taking the Garter from the Herald, buckles it round his left Leg.

The Bond of Honour, that together ties
 The Brethren of St. GEORGE in friendly League,
 United to maintain the Cause of Truth
 And Justice only—

* "May propitious Heav'n

" Grant thou may'st henceforth wear it to his Praise,

" The Exaltation of this noble Order,

" And thy own Glory."—— With like Reverence,

My Son, receive and wear this Golden Chain,

" Graced with the Image of *Britannia's Saint*,

" Heav'n's valiant Soldier, *CAPPADOCIAN GEORGE* ;

" In Imitation of whose glorious Deeds

" May'st Thou triumphant in each State of Life,

" Or Prosperous or Adverse, still subdue

" Thy spiritual and carnal Enemies ;

" That not on Earth alone Thou may'st obtain

" The Guerdon of thy Valour, endless Praise,

" But with the Virtuous and the Brave above,

" In solemn Triumph, wear celestial Palms,

" To crown thy final noblest Victory.

[*Embraces Pr. Edw.*

Prince EDWARD.

Accept, my Sovereign Liege, my grateful Thanks,
 That thou hast thus vouchsaf'd to place thy Son
 First next thy self upon the Roll of Fame,
 As he indeed is first in Filial Love,

H 2

And

* The Sense, and almost the Words in the Verses of this Speech, mark'd thus*, are taken from the Admonitions read to the Knights, at the time of their receiving the GARTER and the RIBBON or COLLAR of the Order. *Vide Aschmole's History of the Order of the GARTER.*

And Emulation of thy Royal Virtues,
 And may thy Benediction, gracious Lord,
 May thy Paternal Vows be heard in Heav'n!
 That He, whom thou hast lifted in the Cause
 Of Truth and Virtue, never may forget
 His vow'd Engagements, nor defraud thy Hopes,
 By foiling with dishonourable Deeds
 The Lustre of that ORDER, which thy Name
 Shou'd teach him to respect and to adorn.

O D E.

STROPHE I. BARDS.

Celestial Maid!

Bright Spark of that Ætherial Flame,
 Whose vivid Spirit, thro' all Nature spread,
 Sustains and actuates this boundless Frame!

O by whatever Stile to Mortals known,
 Virtue, Benevolence, or publick Zeal,
 Divine Assessor of the Regal Throne,
 Divine Protectress of the Common-weal,
 O in our Hearts thy Energy infuse!

Be thou our Muse,

Celestial Maid,

And, as of Old, impart thy heav'nly Aid
 To those, who warm'd by thy benignant Fire,
 To publick Merit and their Country's Good
 Devoted ever their recording Lyre,
 Wont along *Deva's* sacred Flood,
 Or beneath *Mona's* Oaks retir'd,
 To warble forth their Patriot Lays,
 And nourish with immortal Praise,
 The bright heroick Flames by Thee inspir'd.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE I.

I feel, I feel

Thy Soul-invigorating Heat ;
My bounding Veins distend with fervent Zeal,
And to *Britannia's* Fame responsive beat.—
Hail *Albion*, native Country ! but how chang'd,
Thy once grim Aspect ! how adorned and gay
Thy howling Forests ! where together rang'd
The naked Hunter and his Savage Prey :
Where amid black inhospitable Woods

The Sedge-grown Floods

All cheerless stray'd.

Nor in their lonely wand'ring Course survey'd,
Or Tow'r, or Castle, Heav'n-ascending Fane,
Or lowly Village, Residence of Peace
And joyous Industry, or furrow'd Plain,

Or lowing Herd, or silver Fleece,

That whitens now each verdant Vale ;

While laden with their precious Store

Far-trading Barks to every Shore,

Swift Heralds of *Britannia's* Glory, fail.

EPODE I.

These are thy shining Works : this smiling Face
Of beauteous Nature thus in regal State,
Deck'd by each Handmaid Art, each polish'd Grace,
That on fair Liberty and Order wait.

This Pomp, these Riches, this Repose,

To thee, Imperial *Britain* owes.

To thee, great Substitute of Heav'n,

To whom the Charge of earthly Realms was giv'n ;

Their social Systems by wise Nature's Plan

To form, and rule by her eternal Laws ;

To teach the selfish Soul of wayward Man

To seek the publick Good, and aid the common Cause.

So, didst thou move the mighty Heart
 Of *Alfred*, Founder of the *British* State:
 So to *Matilda's* scepter'd Son,
 To him whose Virtue and Renown
 First made the Name of *Edward* great,
 Thy ample Spirit so didst thou impart:
 Protecting thus in every Age,
 From greedy Pow'r and factious Rage,
 That Law of Freedom, which to *Britain's* Shore
 From *Saxon Elva's* many-headed Flood,
 The valiant Sons of *Odin* with them bore,
 The national, ador'd, inseparable Good.

STROPHE II.

* On yonder Plain,
 Along whose willow-fringed Side
 The silver-footed *Naiads*, sportive Train,
 Down the smooth *Thames* amid the Cygnets glide,
 I saw, when at thy reconciling Word,
 Injustice, Anarchy, intestine Jarr,
 Despotick Insolence, the wasting Sword,
 And all the brazen Throats of Civil War,
 Were hush'd in Peace: From his imperious Throne
 Hurl'd furious down,
 Abash'd, dismay'd,
 Like a chas'd Lion to the savage Shade
 Of his own Forests, fell Oppression fled,
 With Vengeance brooding in his sullen Breast.
 Then Justice fearless rear'd her decent Head,
 Heal'd every Grief, each Wrong redrest;
 While round her valiant Squadrons stood,
 And bade her awful Tongue demand,
 From vanquish'd *John's* reluctant Hand,
 The Deed of Freedom purchas'd with their Blood.

* *Ramsey Mead* near *Staines*, where the Grand Charter was sign'd by King *John*.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O vain Surmise!
 To deem the Grandeur of a Crown
 Consists in lawless Pow'r! to deem them wise
 Who change Security and fair Renown,
 For Detestation, Shame, Distrust and Fear!
 Who, shut for ever from the blissful Bow'rs,
 With Horror and Remorse at Distance hear
 The Musick that enchants th' immortal Pow'rs,
 The heav'nly Musick of well-purchas'd Praise,
 Seraphick Lays,
 The sweet Reward
 On Heroes, Patriots, righteous Kings conferr'd.
 For such alone the heav'n-taught Poets sing.
 Tune ye for *Edward* then, the moral Strain,
 His Name shall well become your golden String.
 Begirt with this ætherial Train,
 Seems he not rank'd among the Gods?
 Then let him reap the glorious Meed
 Due to each great heroick Deed,
 And taste the Pleasures of the blest Abodes.

EPODE II.

Hail, happy Prince! on whom kind Fate bestows
 Sublimier Joys, and Glory brighter far
 Than *Cressy's* Palm, and every Wreath that grows
 In all the blood-stain'd Fields of prosp'rous War;
 Joys that might charm an heav'nly Breast,
 To make dependent Millions blest,
 A dying Nation to restore,
 And save fall'n Liberty with Kingly Pow'r;
 To quench the Torch of Discord and Debate,
 Relume the languid Spark of publick Zeal,
 Repair the Breaches of a shatter'd State,
 And gloriously compleat the Plan of *England's* Weal;

Compleat the noble *Gothick* Pile,
That on the Rock of Justice rear'd shall stand
In Symmetry, and Strength, and Fame,
A Rival of that boasted Frame
Which Virtue rais'd on *Tiber's* Strand,
This, *Edward*, Guardian, Father of our Isle,
This God-like Task, to Few assign'd,
Exalts Thee above Human-kind,
And from the Realms of everlasting Day
Calls down Celestial Bards thy Praise to sing;
Calls this bright Troop of Spirits to survey
Thee, the great Miracle of Earth, a PATRIOT-KING,
GENIUS.

Now reascend your Skies, Immortal Spirits!
Th' important Act, that drew ye down to Earth
Is finish'd. Spare we now their mortal Sense,
That cannot long endure th' unshrouded Beam
Of Higher Natures. Well hath *Edward* laid,
Under your happy Auspices, the Bale
Of his great ORDER: Let him undisturb'd,
But not unaided by the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Compleat th' illustrious Work, which future Kings,
Struck with the Beauty of the Noble Plan,
Shall emulously labour to maintain.

And may thy Spirit, *Edward*, be their Guide!
In every Chapter Thou henceforth preside,
In every Breast infuse thy Virtuous Flame,
And teach them to respect their Country's Fame.

Genius and Spirits reascend to a loud
Symphony of Musick.
F I N I S.